

32  
GRADUATION NUMBER

THE




STUDENT'S  
PEN

EAST BRIDGEWATER HIGH SCHOOL



# The Student's Pen

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SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

## CLASS ODE

### THE RIVER OF LIFE

Our school life has been like a river,  
 Flowing along through the years,  
 Passing by meadows of pleasure  
 And into the woodlands of fears.

Each brooklet and stream from the mountains  
 Spilling into our life as we go,  
 Will strengthen and help in o'ercoming  
 The tangling weeds that grow.

To the ocean of life we are moving,  
 Searching for wisdom and truth,  
 So may we forever remember,  
 The inspiring school of our youth.

Julia Clogston.

# The Graduating Class

## CLASS CATALOGUE



**SYLVIA ALLEN**, "Syl." Sylvia is a perfect home girl. She's quiet, domestically inclined, serious, and lovable. Sylvia is the ideal girl to make a cottage into a home.

**ANNIE AMARA**. We have a quiet girl in our midst, but one of the sweetest. Annie is unassuming, but crammed in that neat little head is a great deal of knowledge. She aspires to be a 4-H Club leader. We wish you the best of luck, Annie.



**GEORGE BERRY**, "Juicy." If George picked some huckleberries to keep from getting blue (berry) or razzed (berried) or from feeling like a goose (berry), would he earn enough berries (\$) to go to see Wallace Beery, who is said to be beery, beery good? (This is called cram-berry-ing!)

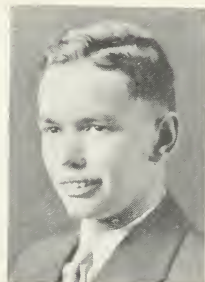
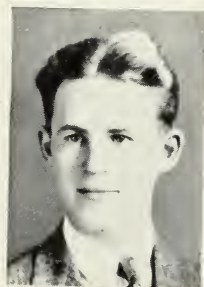
**FRANCES BONI**, "Schnozzles." Basketball 1, 3, 4, Hockey 1, 4, 4-H Club 1, 2. Frances sputters but there isn't much to it, for her temper quickly cools. We like her lots, except when she is the cause of our getting double homework in shorthand. But then, it was worth it.



**JARVIS BURRELL**, "Jam." Pen Staff 3, Play Cast 4.

A quiet philosopher so they say.  
And surely he must be a little that way,  
For none but thinkers could ever unfold  
Such stories romantic in numbers untold.

**HARVEY CARLETON**, "Wanderin' Willie." Play Cast 4, Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Baseball 3, Basketball 3. Willie hasn't been able to get a good night's sleep since the senior play. Echoing memories of "That's R-r-onald," and "There's a deah boy!" haunt his masculine dreams.





JOSEPH CARY, "Joe." Play Cast 4, Basketball 2, Baseball 1, 2. Do you remember that dominating character in "The Goose Hangs High?" That was Joe. He simply took the audience by storm,—and the stage too!



RICHARD CLARITY, "Dick." Football 1, 3, Basketball 4. Once Dick changed to Brockton High, but he knows his onions so he came back to E. B. H. S. Why guess? There isn't any *one* reason!



JULIA CLOGSTON, "Bunny." Pen Staff 4, French Club 3.

What say you makes blushes on cheeks so fair?

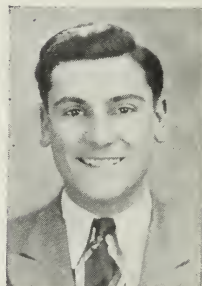
Can it be the sunshine and abundant fresh air?

Or is a lover of nature with a poetic touch Always blessed with rosy blushes and such?



EVELYN COLO. Pen Staff 4. Class Secretary 4. We wonder what a certain group of boys would do for commercial arithmetic homework if Evelyn's papers were not available. Evelyn is class secretary, and she keeps all records straight. She must have learned her shorthand and typewriting very well because we find that she has been employed in a local office during the past year.

HOWARD COPELAND, "Red." Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Red is one of those strong silent men, but it's surprising how talkative he becomes when he has the right listener.



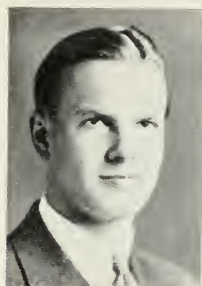
JOHN D'ARPINO, "Darp." Class Treasurer 4. Who is E. B. H. S.'s big moment and every girls' weakness? Why, it's John, of course. They just can't resist those dark eyes and wavy hair.

EDNA DAVENPORT. We find that Edna is interested in a business career. Perhaps she can combine home making and business, because she likes both. It has been done, Edna.



DOROTHY ELLIS, "Dot." Pen Staff 4, Basketball 1, 2. Another Dot with just a little bit of dash. She's small, but haven't we been told that good things come in small packages?





ROLAND ENGSTROM, "Rollie." Vice President 2. Rollie's the nice boy who always has an extra pencil handy. He's somewhat of a model student, too. Faithfulness, courtesy, cheerfulness, and neatness are a few of the qualities which make him liked by everyone.

ROBERT FISHER, "Bob." Play Cast 4, Pen Staff 4, Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Class President 4. Not only was Bob our Dad in the play, but he also had to "Daddy" the class through its last year together. It's good practice anyhow, Bob.



FREEMAN FLOOD, "Rip." If eating carrots makes such a ruddy complexion, Rip must eat nothing else but.

THOMAS FREEMAN, "Tommy." Basketball Manager 3, 4, Football Manager 3, 4. Tommy's the fellow who's always happy when dragging a lot of sport equipment in one hand and jingling a bunch of those troublesome keys in the other.



DOROTHY GEARY, "Dot." Basketball 1, 4-H Supper Club 1, 2, 4, Pen Staff Secretary 4. She's a tiny girl, but Dot just slays the male sex. Perhaps it's because they prefer blondes!!! What's the answer, Dot?



MINNIE HARRIS, "Skippy." Play Cast 4, Pen Staff 4. One of these days we'll see Minnie's name in the bright lights. You know, her great ambition is to be an author and scenario writer. At first it was just a hobby, but hobbies may be ridden to success.



MARJORIE HAZARD, "Marge." Basketball 1. Ah! At last, a quiet girl from Elmwood! But wait! Marge aspires to be a nurse, so perhaps she isn't so quiet after all. You wouldn't kid us would you, Marge?



ALLEGRA JUDSON, "Lee." Basketball 3. Lee is very quiet and diligently applies all spare moments assisting the librarian. Will Lee be a future Portia? Well, she hopes so, anyhow, but you never can tell.





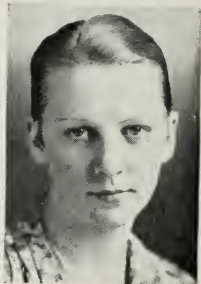
LOUIS LOVELL, "Lew." Basketball 2, 3, 4, Baseball 4. Lew was our contribution to the basketball team and baskets were Lew's contribution to the basketball game. What more could be asked?

JESSIE McCORDICK, "Jess." Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Pen Staff 1, 4, Hockey 1, 2, Orchestra 4, Band 4.

She has the wit of Eddie Cantor  
With hair sleek as Barthelmess'  
And she can play a saxophone  
Like Rudy Vallee, can our Jess.  
Her versatility, no one will deny,  
Is acquired from her weekly sojourns at  
the "Y,"

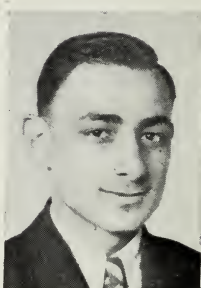
And Jess is one girl who is always right  
there

To go in her Chevie anytime, anywhere.



HESTER MACCORMACK, "Hes." Play Cast 4, Pen Staff 4, Vice President 4. Hester is known to be a good cook, and she's a wonder with infants. We at least can claim one domestically inclined Senior of "32."

JOHN MEDWID, "Johnny." Band 3, 4, Orchestra 3, 4. It used to seem strange that such a *big* boy should have to rely on a bass horn and old Lizzies in order to make a *little* noise. Now it seems that John has found a new way to squeak out a tune, His new instrument doesn't require much transportation expense, he says.



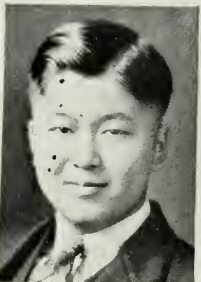
ARAX ODABASHIAN, "Skee." Pen Staff 1, 2, 3, 4, 4-H Supper Club 4, French Club 3.

Black curly tresses and a little bit shy,  
But what a classy auntie she makes,—oh  
my!

And then at arguing she's always right  
there,

Either history or Latin,—she doesn't care.

SAKIO OURA, "Sak." Pen Staff 4, Baseball Manager 3, 4, French Club 3. The physics class claims that he runs by means of a very powerful spring; the biology class says that he is endowed with a powerful muscle which in entomology is called the median lobe of the ligula or the hypopharynx; the senior class admits it's his brilliant intellect.



LAWRENCE PENDERGAST, "Pendy," "Pa," "Mutt." Play Cast 4, Band 3, 4, Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Pendy is the boy who always says, "Be right there," to every call for help. His car was very useful during the hectic Class Play days.

MARJORIE PRATT, "Hattie." Pen Staff 4, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Looks are quite deceiving, oh, very much so, For Marge always looks like her spirits were low.

But, after five minutes of her company  
You'll be aching with laughter, I'll sure guarantee,

And if ever a Principal you may be,  
Just engage Hattie as your Secretary.

RUTH PUFFER, "Ruthie." Vice President 3, Pen Staff 3, 4, French Club Secretary 3, Play Cast 4, Highest Honors 4, Lyric for School Song 3.

Who'd think that one so very small  
Could stand the burden of it all?

In all activities she will assist

And has highest honors to top her list.

ELDORA REED, "Al." Band 3, 4. Eldora doesn't mind riding on the bus to Beaver at all. She just prefers the front seat to any other,—there must be a reason.

JOHN RING, "Shrimp," "Jeff." Play Cast 4, President 3, Band 3, 4, Orchestra 3. John was known to be temperamental during the play, but we have a lurking suspicion that it was only Irish temper. He is our star actor, so we must make allowances.

GERALD STETSON, "Stet." Football 3, 4. You can say all you want about still waters running deep, but don't say too much until you have seen and *heard* Gerald galloping on his horse along Washington Street. What's the rush Gerald? Here is one of the few students who know when to keep silent.

MILDRED STEVENS, "Doss." Pen Staff 1, 2, 3, 4, Class President 1, 2, Play Cast 4, French Club 3, Hockey 1. Well do we remember her when she stood before us with motherly determination, stately manner, and flashing eyes and said, "If you *do*, if you *do*,—I'll leave you!" We just couldn't afford to lose *her*, so we—well, we *didn't*.

CARLISLE STURGIS, "Carl." Play Cast 4, Baseball 2.

They say that a photograph never can lie,  
But on this one of Carl a moustache is shy,  
Don't let him mislead you, girls, for don't you know

That all pilots of airplanes wear a misplaced eyebrow?







JEANNE SHAW. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4,  
French Club 3.

MARY SHAW. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4,  
French Club 3, Music for School Song 3.  
All the sparkle and freshness and hope re-  
vealed by the evening star,  
All the shyness and fragrance and beauty  
lingering in the mayflower,  
All the music and solitude and art disclosed  
by the hermit thrush,—  
All these God fused and blended and wove  
into that fabric called character,  
Of such quality and such quantity to make  
—not one, but two!



HARRIETT WINTERS, "Kid." Play  
Cast 4, Pen Staff 3, 4, High Honors 4. Har-  
riett's melodies on the guitar bring us  
many delightful dreams of that moon-en-  
chanted surf-bathed isle, Hawaii. She was  
very prominent in the play, right there on  
the Pen Staff, and generally in the middle  
of that laughing group of boys in Room IV.

RALPH WYATT. Football 3, 4. Ralph  
is our tallest boy and therefore the centre  
on our class basketball team. How does it  
feel, Ralph, to toss in basket after basket  
while the pigmy rabble howl and tear their  
hair hopelessly?

RAULTON WYATT. "Raullie." Or-  
chestra 1, 2. Has your car a broken  
fender or a loose connecting rod? Take  
it to Raullie, and he'll have it all apart  
and repaired better than new in no time—  
well, in a week any-way.



Mildred Stevens.  
Harriett Winters.  
Jarvis Burrell.



## THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1932

The year 1928 marked the beginning of a fine and straightforward High School career for the class of '32. We were ushered in as Freshmen by a group of excited and somewhat curious Sophomores. Almost at once we held a class meeting and elected as our officers for the year: President, Mildred Stevens; vice president, Gerald Ladousseur; Secretary, Marjorie Howland; treasurer, Gordon Campbell; and assistant treasurer, John Ring.

The Sophs, mindful of their own timidity and bashfulness as freshmen, treated us with the greatest of generosity. In return for their kindness, we cordially invited them to attend a Hallowe'en party, in order to show them that we were not the "bashful babies" we seemed. An orchestra consisting of Mildred Edson, Fred Hill, and "Went" Burrell helped to make the party an enjoyable one for all, and by ten o'clock we felt as if we had always belonged to E.B.H.

The assembly programs were real treats for us, as most of us had never before confronted such a critical audience as the student body. One of our programs stands out distinctly in our minds. It included the little poem given by Frances Boni, "When Father Papered the Parlor." How well we remember Frances, standing there as big as life reading:

"Father was stuck to the ceiling,  
The kids were stuck to the floor,  
You never saw in all your life  
Such a stuck up family before!"

We next took into consideration the Allen Junior High graduates by tendering them a reception. This being our first social event, we felt as proud as peacocks. We led the incoming Freshmen across the room to the receiving line where they were formally introduced to their new teachers. Games were enjoyed, and musical selections were rendered by a certain group of talented Freshmen. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, and cookies were served, after which we sent the young hopefuls home with a gay heart. The freshman year came to close with the approval of a class constitution.

### Sophomore Year

Miss Sullivan greeted her new sophomore class very graciously indeed. Although we felt "pretty big" by this time, we respected the incoming Freshmen with sincere compassion. The class officers

were soon chosen for the second year with an efficient president in the person of Mildred Stevens; vice president, Roland Engstrom; secretary, Marjorie Howland; and treasurer, Gordon Campbell.

Our sophomore year proved less exciting than had our first year, except for the Christmas party which we gave for the whole school. This event better acquainted us with the upper classmen, and this fact was worth the expense of the party.

The class rings arrived in June. They were very artistic, and we were extremely proud of our "modernistique" jewelry.

### Junior Year

The third year of our career opened with a bang! The usual election of officers took place with John Ring as president; Ruth Puffer, vice president; Dorothy Geary, secretary; and Gordon Campbell, treasurer.

The Tercentenary Parade in September was a large feature in the lives of the Juniors, as well as of the other classes that marched in the parade. The Juniors showed up in flying colors of green and white, and marched to Strong Field to the rhythm of the school band. When we had arrived, Mr. Joseph Strong presented the new athletic field to the town of East Bridgewater. We then watched the parade of floats which proved very interesting. Last but not least, chicken sandwiches and milk were served.

The date set for the Athletic Banquet was March 24. Mrs. Belyea had charge of the supper, and it proved most appetizing. The awarding of sweaters, gold and silver basketballs, and letters followed, and the boys who received them were given a "big hand." Upon hearing dance music in the upper hall, everyone went upstairs and danced to his heart's content until the hands of the clock reached 11.30.

The Junior Prom came next, June 5 being the appointed date. The hall was attractively decorated in green and white, the streamers reaching the farthest corners and coming together in the center. The lights were draped, thus providing a dim light which made the hall a charming scene of romance. The novelty dance was exciting! Balloons were floated through the air from the balcony, but as soon as a balloon was secured in an eager hand, a mischievous pin would burst it like a day dream. Confetti was thrown here, there, and everywhere, and what a time to comb it out of one's hair the next day! Miss Sullivan's gorgeous white gown was nearly ruined by the confetti. All too soon the successful Prom came to a close.

As June drew near, plans were made for Senior Class Day. The school band led the march to Strong Field. It was a happy group of Juniors who first formed the letter H and then, as the Seniors vacated the letter S, eagerly stepped into their place. Thus have three years silently slipped away



CLASS PLAY

### Senior Year

At last it arrived, the fourth and last year of a perfect High School career. A class meeting was held, and we elected the following officers: President, Robert Fisher; vice president, Hester MacCormack; secretary, Evelyn Colo; and treasurer, John D'Arpino.

One of the greatest activities of any senior class is the class play, and ours was no exception. With a little discussion we voted to have "The Goose Hangs High" as our play, and immediately try-outs for parts were in order. The date was set for December 16, and those not in the cast helped in other ways by ushering, selling tickets, or assisting with properties. As a whole, the class play proved a

very successful affair in more ways than one. The characters were as follows: "Bob" Fisher was chosen as the fond, but at times stern, father; Milly Stevens was selected to enact the part of the mother; the "kids," always full of life and laughter, were portrayed by Harriett Winters, John Ring, and Carl Sturgis; Joe Cary and Lawrence Pendergast kept Dad Ingalls in hot water most of the time and furnished much humor; Ruth Puffer did well in her role as the aged Granny, and Hester MacCormack appeared to good advantage as the sweetheart of Richard Ingalls; Jarvis Burrell, the florist, played a very important part indeed; Arax Odabashian was Auntie, dominating her quiet, submerged son, a part played by Harvey Carleton; last but not least there was the maid, Minnie Harris. We all appreciated the splendid work that the cast did, and I'm sure the townspeople enjoyed it as much as we did.

On May 27 we received a kind invitation from the Juniors to attend their annual Junior Prom. We accepted with the greatest of pleasure, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Another important event in the lives of the Seniors was the taking of class pictures. Some of the students went to Purdy's in Boston, which was a treat for most of us, as Boston is a *little* larger than E. B. As each set of individual proofs arrived, there was great excitement in Room IV. "Let me see your pictures," could be heard throughout the room, and the bell could scarcely be heard above the sound of the excited voices.

Commencement Week was a grand and glorious one for the Seniors. On Sunday, June 19, a Baccalaureate Service was held at the Unitarian Church. Wednesday, June 22, our graduation exercises took place at the Town Hall. As Thorley Turner waved his baton first to the left and then to the right, we marched down the aisle feeling very proud to be members of the graduating class. The moment we had awaited for four long years slipped away unawares, and the coveted diplomas were now in our possession at last. Friday, June 24, the reception was given by the class. The grand march was led by the Senior class officers followed by the guests of honor. What an array of gowns! Refreshments were served in the lower hall, after which we danced until 12 o'clock.

With the ending of this gala affair, the doors were closed forever upon the Class of 1932. Our career from beginning to end is here portrayed, and, as anyone can see, it has been a most enjoyable one. As we sail down the stream of life to our different vocations, there will ever be preserved in our hearts the joys, sorrows, and the knowledge that dear old E. B. has given to us, the Class of 1932.

Dorothy Ellis.



## PAGES FROM MY DIARY

## Class Prophecy

Brockton, Massachusetts.

September 5, 1939. Oh Diary, dear, I am so excited that I can hardly wait to tell you of the glad tidings! Here goes, and all in one breath! Marjorie Hazard, dietitian at the Goddard Hospital is the only one of my former classmates at East Bridgewater High with whom I have kept in contact. We both received an invitation today from Mary and Jeanne Shaw to spend part of our summer vacation with them at their studio in New York, with the promise of seeing other of our classmates. Needless to say, Marjorie and I accepted the invitation at once, saying that our vacations started on the 10th of September, and they might be assured that we would arrive in New York on that date. Diary, I can't wait!

September 10. Well, Diary, here I am in Greenwich Village, New York! When Marjorie and I arrived at the studio, we found Mary and Jeanne in paint-smeared smocks working at their easels. We were surprised to find there Evelyn Colo, who on account of her style and figure was a popular artist's model. Being rather fatigued after our trip and not having seen our friends for seven years, we decided to stay in the first evening and just sit about chatting and reading. Mary told us that Ruth Puffer was at Columbia University working for her master's degree, expecting to be a professor of languages at one of our leading women's colleges. We were also informed that Harriett Winters had opened studios in New York, teaching Hawaiian music, and with Hester MacCormick as an assistant, was very successful. Jeanne appeared to be very interested in some book. "What are you reading?" I asked. She looked up at me with a rather puzzled expression on her face and said, "Why, it is Jarvis Burrell's latest novel, 'Sins of the Flapper.' Haven't you read it? It has created quite a stir among his book fans." I was determined to get a copy the very next day. During the latter part of the evening the radio was turned on, and a young man could be heard singing; to my astonishment it was our old friend, John Medwid, the now popular radio crooner. After a most enjoyable evening we retired early.

September 11. We went shopping this morning, of course, and we accidentally bumped into Edna Davenport, head saleslady in one of the leading department stores in New York. We chatted awhile

and were all amazed when told of the marriage of Eldora Reed to a prominent doctor. After shopping awhile we had ourselves beautified in Madame Juliet Clogston's Beauty Shoppe. By the time we had our faces lifted several times, we came to the conclusion that we were hungry. When our hunger had been satisfied, we wandered over to the Vanderbilt Golf Course for a few rounds of golf. Harvey Carleton, golf professional, was very pleased to see us and promised to come to the studio some evening before our return to Massachusetts. That evening we went to see Ziegfeld's Follies, recognizing the Tango dancer Arovia to be none other than Minnie Harris. We went backstage to see Arovia and met Annie Amara, who told us that she happened, as a 4-H Club leader, to be in New York for the day and had heard of Minnie's appearance in the Follies. Hence, the meeting. What an exciting day this has been! I for bed.

September 12. How news does travel! Robert Fisher, our Lindy, hearing from Harvey Carleton that we were to be in New York for several days, telephoned to ask if we would go up with him this morning in his Lockhead-Sirius monoplane. Would we! Oh boy, we are on our way now!

Later: Robert took us to lunch at a very exclusive restaurant, and who should be chef but Lawrence Pendergast! We spent a very quiet afternoon at the studio because we wanted to feel cool and refreshed that evening, as we were to be guests of honor at the opening of a new play which was sure to be a Broadway hit. Mildred Stevens was playing the part of a mother, and Carl Sturgis was acting as her sophisticated young son.

The play certainly was a success. Among the elite guests were Mr. Sakio Oura, renowned inventor and wizard of electricity; Miss Arax Odabashian, prominent lawyer of New York and her secretary, Miss Allegra Judson; Miss Jessie McCordick, America's tennis champion; and Mr. Thomas Freeman, the great Marathon runner. The newspaper men were George Berry and Freeman Flood, and maybe they weren't kept busy! After the play, the play cast and friends were to bring the evening to a close by going to a brilliant night club, the proprietors being none other than Ralph and Raulton Wyatt. Miss Frances Boni as hostess was quite charming. Johnny Ring's orchestra furnished a part of the evening's entertainment, and oh, I musn't forget, Diary, that the Rev. Gerald Stetson was there getting "points" for an important sermon on the night life of his former classmates. I should like to hear that sermon!

September 13. I guess last night was too much for Marjorie, or

perhaps it is the fact that today is the 13th, but anyhow, Marjorie was taken ill, and all plans were postponed for the day.

September 14. Marjorie was taken to the hospital today in an ambulance, and the orderly was Richard Clarity. Another quiet evening was spent at the studio. I read a part of Jarvis Burrell's book, and toward the latter part of the evening Robert Fisher dropped in for a little while.

September 19. Diary dear, I have neglected you shamefully this week, but I have been *so* busy! Marjorie is being discharged from the hospital today. By the way, Diary, in the studio my attention was drawn to a curio very Oriental in design, and I asked Mary where she got it. She said that Sylvia Allen, a missionary in the Far East, had sent it to her. Well, Diary, I cannot dally any longer, for Marjorie will be waiting for me.

Later: I stopped at an exclusive flower shop to obtain some flowers for Marjorie, and who should I meet but Roland Engstrom who was also buying flowers. After talking to him, I found that he was interested in raising chickens, being proprietor of the Roland Engstrom Hatchery in East Bridgewater and that he was doing very well indeed. Hurrying along, I passed a good looking fruit store and thought that perhaps Marjorie would like some fruit. Will wonders never cease? Our class sheik, John D'Arpino, was the proprietor, and it was good fruit too,—ask Marjorie. On going up to Marjorie's room I came upon Dorothy Ellis, such an engaging little nurse, and exchanged a few words with her. She informed me that Marjorie Pratt was secretary to the superintendent of schools in New York City and that Howard Copeland, East Bridgewater's athletic star, was now a professional ball player. I then saw Marjorie and was greeted with a broad grin. We left as soon as she could be discharged. On our way out of the hospital we bumped into Joe Cary, an interne.

Well, Diary, it has been a week of surprises, and I now know the whereabouts of all my classmates; this will help in plans for that prospective class reunion.

Dorothy Geary.

## WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

After much consideration and a great deal of concentration, we have come to the conclusion that the following can rightfully lay claim to these titles:

Our Phi Beta Kappa girl .....	Ruth Puffer
Our Phi Beta Kappa boy .....	Sakio Oura
The tallest girl .....	Edna Davenport
The tallest boy .....	Ralph Wyatt
Our Tom Thumb .....	Jarvis Burrell
Class Sheik .....	John D'Arpino
The most blushing girl .....	Allegra Judson
The most winsome girl .....	Dot Geary
The most winsome boy .....	Dick Clarity
The most versatile boy .....	Harvey Carleton
The wittiest girl .....	Marjorie Pratt
The wittiest boy .....	Lawrence Pendergast
Our Ann Leaf .....	Hester MacCormack
Our Paderewski .....	John Ring
Our Nell Brinckley and Neysa McMein .....	Jeanne Shaw
(What would we do without them) .....	Mary Shaw
The strongest girl .....	Marjorie Hazard
The strongest boy .....	Tommy Freeman
Our Adele Astaire .....	Minnie Harris
The all-talkie boy .....	George Berry
The quietest girl .....	Sylvia Allen
The quietest boy .....	Howard Copeland
Our Barbara Stanwyck .....	Mildred Stevens
Our Clark Gable .....	Carl Sturgis
The best dressed girl .....	Frances Boni
The best dressed boy .....	Robert Fisher
The most studious girl .....	Harriett Winters
The most studious boy .....	Roland Engstrom
The shyest girl .....	Annie Amara
The shyest boy .....	Gerald Stetson
The most attractive girl .....	Evelyn Colo
The girl with the curliest hair .....	Arax Odabashian
The boy with the curliest hair .....	Freeman Flood
The most athletic girl .....	Jessie McCordick
The most athletic boy .....	Louis Lovell
The cutest girl .....	Dot Ellis



Our boy with Charlie Chaplin feet. ....	John Medwid
The most modest girl .....	Julia Clogston
The blondest boy .....	Raulton Wyatt
The class flirt .....	Eldora Reed
Laboratory assistant .....	Joseph Cary
	Frances Boni.
	Dorothy Geary.

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### SENIOR CLASS WILL

Be it known that we, the Class of 1932, being of crammed mind and memory, before leaving this school of experience do hereby draw up our last will and testament.

On Mr. Cheever, our efficient principal, we bestow our sincere appreciation for all he has done for us in order to make our work a complete success.

To Miss Andrews, our beloved home-room teacher, we leave our grateful appreciation of her kindness and understanding.

To Mr. Donahue, we leave a pair of sneakers in order that he may not be so easily heard as he "walks" about in U. S. history class.

To the remaining members of the faculty we leave the hope that next year's senior class will be as intelligent as the class of 1932.

Sylvia Allen's permanent wave we leave to Beatrice Wyatt.

Annie Amara's demureness we bequeath to Florence Farrell.

George Berry's athletic ability we leave to Sy Serkin. Hope you will be as successful as George, Sy.

Frances Boni's ability to break up class meetings we leave to Irma Mackey.

Jarvis Burrell's short stories we leave to Raymond Silva.

Harvey Carleton's knowledge of history topics of "world-wide interest" we bequeath to Ellis Mitchell.

Joseph Cary's lengthy history speeches we leave to Madelyn Frost.

Richard Clarity's ability in English we leave to Americo Saccocia.

Julia Clogston's advice on "How to look innocent" we leave to Dorothea Bannerman.

Evelyn Colo's "spit-fire" temper we leave to Ruth Fisher.

Howard Copeland's flaming locks we leave to Vresh Odabashian.

John D'Arpino's winning ways we leave to Eddie Hazard.

Dorothy Ellis' dainty ways we leave to Marion Thompson.

Roland Engstrom's boisterous manner we bequeath to Alfred Anthony.

Robert Fisher's ability to conduct class meetings we gratefully leave to next year's Senior Class President.

Thomas Freeman's "slimness" we leave to Roy Washburn.

Freeman Flood's high explosive laugh we leave to Clinton Heath.

Dorothy Geary's "wandering ways" we leave to Alice Swanson. Don't wander too far from E. B.

Minnie Harris' poetic ability we leave to Marion Bouldry.

Marjorie Hazard's bashfulness toward the opposite sex we leave to Alberta Allen.

Allegra Judson's hobby (collecting beads) we leave to Mary Furia.

Louis Lovell's position on the baseball nine we leave to Albert Ekberg.

Hester MacCormack's part in the class play we leave to Charlotte MacFadden.

Jessie McCordick's haircut we leave to Eva Wallin. We hope the effect will be attractive.

John Medwid's bass horn we leave to Ernest Watson. We would suggest Raymond Hennessey as vice-assistant hornist.

Arax Odabashian's newly acquired height we leave to Hazel Thompson.

Sakio Oura's self-imposed privileges we return to the faculty, apologizing for their tattered condition in our struggle to retrieve them.

Lawrence Pendergast's house lot, close by school, we leave to John Leonard, so he won't have so far to go each morning.

Marjorie Pratt's seat at the typewriter we willingly leave to Arthur Aldridge.

Eldora Reed's appeal to the opposite sex we leave to Mary Morey.

John Ring's popular smile we leave to James Thorndike.

Jeanne Shaw's willingness and ability to help we leave to Frank Leslie.

Mary Shaw's talent at "tickling the ivories" we leave to Evelyn Smith.

Gerald Stetson's ability as a football player we leave to Ernest Saccocia.

Mildred Steven's haughty air we leave to Mary Calliendo.

Carl Sturgis' neat and natty attire we bequeath to Gordon Campell.

Harriett Winters' musical ability we leave to some of our embryo musicians, and how they do need it!

Ralph Wyatt's brotherly love we leave to Edward Hennessey.

Raulton Wyatt's Ford we leave to Louis D'Arpino with the provision that he drive it slowly.

In the presence of the following witnesses:

Dr. List Her Rine

Duchess Vas Ah Line

Judge Min Rahl Oil

we, the Class of 1932, do hereunto set our signature and seal this eighteenth day of May, 1932.

Marjorie Pratt,

Joseph Cary,

Hester MacCormack,

John D'Arpino.

## GREAT PERSONAGES IN THE SENIOR CLASS

Robert Fisher	Herbert Hoover
Freeman Flood	Charlie Chaplin
Dorothy Geary	Orphan Annie
Marjorie Hazard	Marie Dressler
Hester MacCormack	Madam Sylvia
Arax Odabashian	Grand Duchess Marie
Lawrence Pendergast	Prince of Wales
Ruth Puffer	Princess Elizabeth
Joe Cary	Al Smith
Eldora Reed	Gloria Swanson
John Ring	Paderewski
Mildred Stevens	Jeannette MacDonald
Carl Sturgis	Ronald Colman
Harriett Winters	Etta Kett
Frances Boni	Tessie the Typist
Jarvis Burrell	David Grayson
Thomas Freeman	Babe Ruth
Richard Clarity	Mayor Curley
Evelyn Colo	Virginia Lane
John D'Arpino	Edmund Lowe
Edna Davenport	Marjorie Mills
Dorothy Ellis	Dorothy Stone

Roland Engstrom .....	Nils Asther
Minnie Harris .....	Prunella Hall
Allegra Judson .....	Mrs. Mabel Willebrand
Louis Lovell .....	Harold Teen
Jessie McCordick .....	Helen Wills Moody
John Medwid .....	J. E. Purdy
Sakio Oura .....	Einstein
Marjorie Pratt .....	Zasu Pitts
Howard Copeland .....	Floyd Gibbons
Mary Shaw .....	Rosa Bonheur
Jeanne Shaw .....	Peter Pan
Sylvia Allen .....	Caroline Cabot
Annie Amara .....	Mona Lisa
George Berry .....	Uncle Sam
Harvey Carleton .....	H. G. Wells
Gerald Stetson .....	Albie Booth
Ralph Wyatt .....	Rudy Vallee
Raulton Wyatt .....	Barney Oldfield
	Julia Clogston.

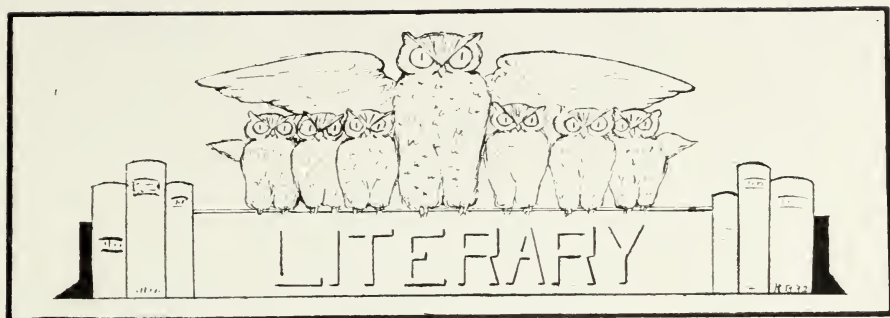
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### In Memoriam

IVUS I. RICHMOND, M. D.

MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD,  
RESPECTED CITIZEN OF OUR TOWN,  
AND FAITHFUL FRIEND TO OUR SCHOOL  
AND ITS STUDENTS.





### A PAGE FROM WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD

"Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of man!"

Spinning wheels whined merrily, for the people of the house were already astir when George opened his eyes and thought of the pleasant day that was before him. He picked up a pillow and threw it at his younger brother who was still asleep. "Come on, sleepy head, wake up; I smell pancakes a-cookin'!"

George stood before the open window while waiting for his brother to finish dressing. It was a beautiful morning, and the negro slaves were already at work in the rolling fields of shining green tobacco. A gentle breeze pushed the snowy curtains back from the windows and brought the sweet smell of the woods and earth to George. He sniffed the fragrance and urged his brother on. Beyond the endless fields of ripening corn and tobacco the muddy Rappahannock River ran through the primeval pine forest. George knew every nook and corner of this forest. Many a night he had slipped away, while the rest of the family slept, to join the other boys on a coon hunt or to roast Indian corn in the forbidden cabins of the field slaves.

"Come on, Massa George, yo' breakfast am about ready."

"Yes sir, Peter, we'll be right down." So with hearty appetites the two boys joined the others in the big airy kitchen where a table was set for six. George kissed his mother's rosy cheek, and then after a blessing the boys dived into huge platters of pancakes and honey while Betty and her mother wondered at the capacity of the boys' stomachs.

Later, after his morning tasks were done, and he had finished his noon-day meal, George wandered out into the pine forest. He was trying to decide whether to go fishing or to go swimming. As

it was rather a warm day, George decided to take the carpeted path that led to the old swimming hole. There he could think and cool off in the water. Floating on his back, he looked up through the lace-work of branches into the depths of clear blue sky and thought of the letter he had received from his oldest step-brother, Lawrence, who wanted George to visit with him at Mount Vernon. Mount Vernon was a beautiful plantation situated on the top of a hill overlooking the broad Potomac River. George often wished that he might sometime own a plantation like it, with its rambling fields and forests. Most of all he wanted long hothouses and spacious gardens. Yes, he was going to visit his brother; that was certain. After making his decision, George quickly dressed. With a little thrill of pleasure he picked up a stone and scaled it across the Rappahannock. It landed on the opposite side, much to his surprise and pleasure. Then he started for home, hungry but happy.

After a dinner of roast duck and sweet potato pudding, George, Betty, and their three younger brothers gathered around their mother on the large comfortable porch which overlooked the wide river. The night was warm, and the cherugh of the frogs came up to them from below. How still it seemed to George, and how wonderful to sit there in the starlight leaning against his mother's knee. How he missed his father's deep laugh and companionship. Mary Washington's hand dropped understandingly on George's curly head. "Some day, son, you may become even greater than your father."

The Fates must have been listening and smiling as he answered, "I don't want to be great, mother. I only want to be a planter like my father and Lawrence."

Julia Clogston, Senior.

#### EVENTIDE

As the dying sun is sinking in the west,  
The weary laborer plods his way to rest.  
His thoughts are of his home amid the hills  
And of his wife so dear; his heart she fills.

He thinks, too, of his children in the leas  
Who wait at the door to climb upon his knees.  
He sighs, contented, as his thoughts go toward,  
And forges on to eventide's reward.

Barbara Thacher, Sophomore.

The following poem, appeared in the April issue of "The Massachusetts Teacher." The author, Dorothy C. Baker, was the first editor-in-chief of "THE STUDENT'S PEN."

### BOYS

I like boys.  
They hate restrictions, love a noise,  
They can be idle and forgetting,  
And honest-spoken, unregretting,  
They have an independent poise.  
Oh, I like boys!

I've watched the pain of dreams arise  
To quench the light in boyish eyes,  
I've seen the mischief leap and dance  
Another moment in their glance;  
But underneath all moods I've learned  
To know what depth of feeling burned.

Sedately down the street I walk  
To church or school or formal talk,  
And pass along my proper way  
The groups of boys all hard at play—  
I wonder if they ever see  
The boy I've always longed to be!

Dorothy C. Baker, E. B. H. S. 1920.

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### LONELY

There's a place in my heart that is empty,  
It's longing and longing for you.  
So please come back to me, Daddy,  
I'm lonesome, I'm lonely, I'm blue.

Life seemed so worthwhile before, dear,  
But now it means nothing to me;  
It's hard to express how I feel, dear  
So lonesome I always shall be;

Every day life seems to change now,  
Things never will seem quite the same,  
I find it so hard to carry on now,  
Your deeds will e'er be my aim.

Frances Richmond, Sophomore.

## GIRL SCOUTING AND THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

"An army of youth marching on toward the truth,  
We're the Girl Scouts, U. S. A.  
When duty appears,  
We disdain paltry fears,  
And go forward prepar'd to obey."

Girl Scout! The very name itself stands for every thing that is honorable and true, and especially is Girl Scouting a valuable asset to the high school student. A Girl Scout tries always to be worthy,—worthy of the obligations she meets as a member of her school and town, worthy of her friends, and above all worthy of the significance of her Girl Scout pin. Her honor should be unquestionable, and her word always above reproach.

The Girl Scout organization covers a large field of work, including many departments which prove useful to the American girl of to-day. So much of this same nature is now taught in our schools that Scouting proves an invaluable aid in the solving of many school problems. Here in our great organization,—for there are Scouts and Guides scattered all over the world,—we combine work with play. It is fun to make clothing and dress dolls for those children less fortunate than our own brothers or sisters; it is a pleasure to go exploring and learn about the stars and flowers. For the Girl Scout is an outdoor girl, a youthful pioneer of today, and in this manner she is learning without effort how to become a *real* girl, how to think more clearly, and how to gain a broader viewpoint of all things. These are the very essentials that are expected of our high school students today.

As I think of our own Girl Scout troop and all that it stands for, I am proud to say that I too am a Girl Scout, and my one aspiration is to be able to say, sometime in the future, "I am a Girl Scout in every sense of the word."

Arlene Austin, Junior.

## OUR TREES

Did you ever sit and watch the trees,  
And see them swaying in the breeze,  
Their long and outstretched arms so wide,  
As they cast their shadows far and wide?  
The birds make use of trees like these  
To build their nests amid the leaves.

In the winter months when snow is deep,  
We see their low and wide arms weep,  
And when the birds come back in spring,  
In their shelt'ring leaves the robins sing,  
While in the summer sun's bright rays,  
Their leafy boughs cool drowsy days.

Everett Davenport, Junior.





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

## BOOK AND PLAY REVIEWS

**Since Calvary: Lewis Browne.** "Stranger Than Fiction," a previous book written by Lewis Browne, is one which is outstanding in its account of the economic and social history of the Jewish race. Lewis Browne is a highly educated Jew and a former rabbi, who has written many such books on the advancement of the Jewish people. "Since Calvary" is the latest work of the author, but it has proven a bitter disappointment to those interested in his earlier writings.

"Since Calvary" is an interpretation of Christian history and tells in a highly modern manner of the development of the Christian church from the days of Christ and the disciples. The author's views are extremely radical and utterly devoid of any true Christian thought. He has given us his own interpretation of those days of development, and he strongly favors the idea that the disciples were crazed and insane, and that their beautiful visions, described so vividly in the Bible, were the result of either epileptic fits or their own imaginations. He describes Paul, the so-called founder of Christianity, as being fanatic, stubborn, and heedless. He states that he was certainly either epileptic or neurotic. He says of Christianity, "Jesus did not at all create the new religion; it recreated him." About Peter he says, "Peter was but a fisherman, with a mind as unstable as the lake upon which he had once sailed his boat." He asserts that Peter's account of Jesus was highly colored and that it very often wandered from the truth. Browne writes that the works of Mark were hopelessly unbelievable. He also declares that John could never have written the fourth Gospel; therefore it was never written by a disciple of Christ. Beside questioning the truth of the Scriptures, he declares the saints of old to have been hopelessly insane, delighting in suffering agonies and tortures for no reason except the satisfying of fanatic impulse.

After reading this piece of modern, heretical composition, the reader is left to wonder at the cool and assured manner in which the author has renounced practically every chapter of the Bible. While we thoroughly disagree with the author in his belief, we are forced to recognize his skill as a writer, for he has cleverly woven his own thoughts and ideas into the authentic account of the church and its development. Yet we realize that the author must be ingenious in

order to carry across his point, since his views are skeptical and original to say the least.

This type of book is extremely harmful to the youthful reader, as a young person is more naturally influenced by a style or technique of writing than an older person would be. Lewis Browne presents his facts very convincingly, and it is not difficult to sway the thoughts or opinions of a young person. "Since Calvary" is an especially dangerous book, because it leaves the young reader figuratively "groping in the dark," lost in the maze of bewildering ideas and principles presented in the book. After reading the book, a young person might be tempted to lose faith in God and His work. He might be robbed of every beautiful thought about Christ or the Bible, for he might be led astray by Browne's insinuations that the Bible is but a phase and that Christ is a much over-rated historical character.

Unfortunately, this latest book has greatly decreased the popularity of Browne, but on the other hand it may prove beneficial to an older person as a means of bringing out every fighting quality he possesses to defend the Bible and to protect Him from all disparagement.

Arlene Austin, Junior.

**Maristan Chapman: An Authoress.** Nestled in the recesses of the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee lies the cozy homeplace of the authoress, Maristan Chapman. Here, during the intervals of a nomadic life, she has written the three novels which picture so graphically the simple and beautiful life of the people in her homeland.

We see a life pure and gentle, unpolluted and uninterrupted by the constant, drilling humdrum of life in the city. These mountain people reveal, as only they can, the real enjoyment and happiness which can be received from a life so closely allied with God and Nature. The authoress has depicted characters whose individual traits make them men and women whom it would be a pleasure to know and love. In their simple talk they express some of the deepest and most profound philosophy, the little beliefs and creeds which guide them unconsciously in their religious life. They express their love for home, their reverence for womanhood, their appreciation of nature, and their respect for beautiful and wholesome living. Perhaps the most outstanding of these is their undying love and adoration of home. This might be considered the theme of all three novels. As Wait-Still-On-The-Lord Lowe returns to his native town,



he remarks "Preachers all time talk about a better world—but, great forever! what better world could a person crave but this!" Another characteristic so typical of these hill people is their persistent adherence to family traditions and superstitions. This feeling is displayed by one of the most dramatic incidents of her latest book, "The Weather Tree." A group of men from the outland are about to cut down Billy White, the old oak tree which for years had been the means for predicting the weather and had stood as a vigilant sentinel over the little village. As they were about to cut down the tree, a little boy ran up the trunk of his beloved oak, and refused to come to the ground. Thus the great symbol of love and endurance was preserved for the worship of future generations. While the beliefs and actions of these people interest the reader greatly, we cannot fail to love their colorful, racy language. When we read the words "tinsey-tad" for child and "Doney gal" for sweetheart, we immediately feel friendly toward the mountaineers. This language, the simple beliefs, and the beautiful living of these people reveal to us just cause for their revolt against attempts to introduce the culture of the city to the peace-loving inhabitants of the hill country.

All of this Maristan Chapman has pictured in her novels of the Tennessee Mountains. She has well accomplished her aim, which is expressed in her own words: "My object is to show a class of people, too long looked upon only as a class, to be live and knowing individuals, to make their eyes the eyes through which the outlander may see their world, and feel a sense of adventure for himself in seeing an unexplored corner of life." Ruth Puffer, Senior.

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### AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We wish to express our gratitude to Miss Paul and the members of her typewriting classes for their kindness in preparing our copy for the printer. The typescripts have invariably been done with uniform correctness and efficiency. We particularly appreciate the cheerful patience with which the typists have borne the inconvenience of rushing last minute manuscripts. The creative muse is a temperamental tyrant and will not be hurried; inspiration comes in its own sweet time and cannot always be subjected to schedule. Yet our typists have never failed us; with understanding forbearance they have timed the music of their keys to "prestissimo vivace" and have often magically accomplished the impossible. For this we thank them and give public recognition to one aspect of the "PEN" project which is so essential to the success of the paper, yet, being a "behind the scenes" activity, is so seldom realized by our readers.



## BASEBALL

The spotlight at East Bridgewater is now trained on the original American pastime, baseball. At a meeting of all lettermen called by Coach Moorhouse, "Mike" Robbins was elected to pilot the team as captain. The showing made by the probable varsity at the first practice, April 15, gave promise of a very successful season. As every player on the team has had experience at his respective position, there is much to be expected, and, with such an aggregation of stars in the line-up, the fans should not be disappointed.



BASEBALL TEAM

Out of six games played to date the nine has come through with five wins and one loss. As the team is now stepping along in high and fighting through all opposition, it looks as though the remainder of the schedule would be nearly all East Bridgewater.

The personnel of the team is as follows: Coach, Mr. Moorhouse; Manager, Sakio Oura; Captain, Laurist Robbins; Atherton, c; C. Spear, Gregoire, Mackenzie, p; Holmes, 2b; Serkin, 3b; Boland, ss; Lovell, Fournier, rf; R. Aldridge, Calliendo, cf; Hennessey, lf.

### "ALL WORK AND NO PLAY"

Many times has the complaint been made that the modern high school has so many social functions and outside activities that the students neglect their studies. We students deny this charge! Outside activities are as vital to the high school student as a normal amount of recreation is to the average business man and woman. We go to school principally, it is true, for the fundamental knowledge necessary to send us out into the activities of the world. However, we also require the advantages gained from the informal associations with those of our own age. How could we attain them by simply going to school, reciting our lessons mechanically, and going home?

Such projects as the school magazine, class play, athletics, and parties not only bring the students more closely together but teach them sportsmanship and the necessity of working together to successfully complete their desired plans. Thus we say, do not begrudge the students their harmless recreations but rather encourage them to increase their quota of high school activities. If they are keen and active in social functions and sports, they will take a keener interest in their studies.

Mildred Stevens, Senior.

### BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE TYPING CLASS

The senior typing class of East Bridgewater High School has worked long and hard on various kinds of material during the past year. Every article that has been printed in *THE STUDENTS' PEN* has been typed by this group before the material has gone to press. The voters of the town no doubt recall the envelopes and Christmas seals they received in December. These envelopes were each and every one typed by the class. The members of the Mother's Club received yearly program cards, and many hours of work were required to prepare them. Recently six hundred invitations for the parents of the pupils of the grade schools were typed and mimeographed, and two hundred invitations for parents of the pupils of the High School were typed and hectographed for the annual school exhibition.

Under miscellaneous work which the class has done, outside of the required work necessary to obtain credits in typewriting, we might list the following:

- Business letters for members of the faculty,
- Theses for members of the faculty.
- Tickets for various school activities.

This short list will give an idea as to the services rendered by the typewriting classes to the pupils, the townspeople, various organizations, and the school.

Harriet Winters, Senior.

# The Toll House

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## CHOOSING A CAREER

**H**IGH SCHOOL graduates in large numbers, either immediately after completing their high school courses or even after they have acquired still further cultural education, find themselves making the decision to seek positions in business rather than in the professions, in order that they may the sooner become financially independent. At such times both high school and college graduates are face to face with the same difficulty—that of persuading employers that they possess qualifications which may be developed into valuable business assets.

Should you choose to enter Business as your vocation, it would be well for you to take an inventory of your assets, and consider whether or not you can offer an employer anything that he would be willing to purchase.

Assuming that in addition to your education you are possessed of such valuable assets as good personality, initiative, willingness to work, etc., have you that which in the eyes of the employer is absolutely essential—a satisfactory knowledge of the fundamentals of business practice, without which your other qualifications are of little value in the modern business office? Lacking such training it is almost impossible to secure admission to a business office; much less to meet successfully the severe competition of those who with less cultural education yet are possessed of a practical knowledge of business fundamentals.

Young men and young women who may be interested in training for successful careers in business will find it to their advantage to write to **Principal L. O. White, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, 334 Boylston Street, Boston**, for information regarding Business Administration or Secretarial Courses. The Summer Session opens July 5; the Fall Session Sept. 6.

## East Bridgewater Savings Bank

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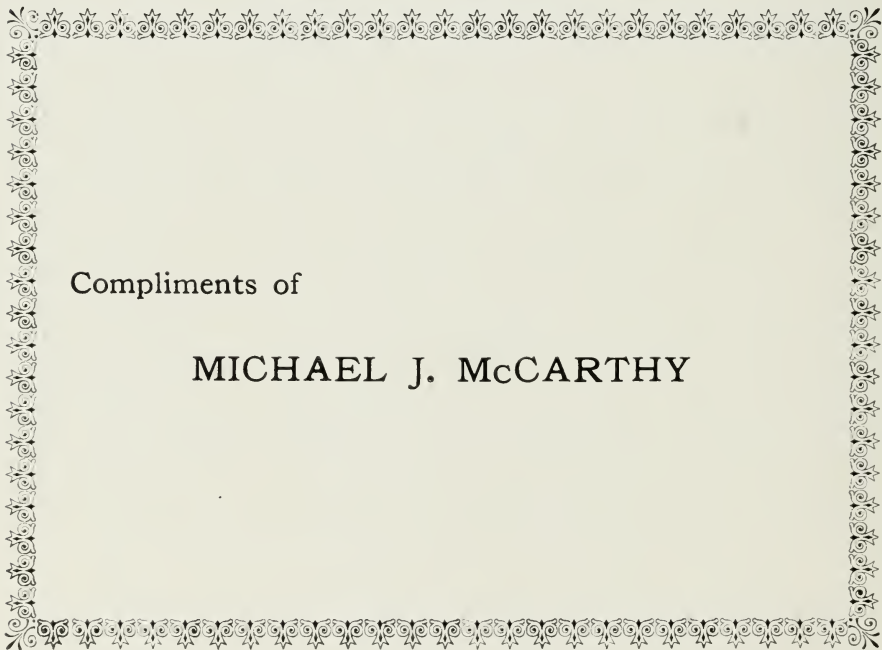
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